

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

Divided from her selfe and her faire judgement,  
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beasts.  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,  
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare  
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,  
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd  
Will nothing sticke our person to arraigne  
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this  
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places  
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

*Enter Messenger.*

*King.* Attend, where are my Swissers? let them guard the door,  
What is the matter?

*Messen.* Save your selfe my Lord.  
The Ocean over-peering of his list  
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haste  
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head  
Ore-bears your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry chuse we *Laertes* to be King,  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,  
*Laertes* shall be King, *Laertes* King.

*Que.* How cheerfully on the false traile they cry, *A noise within.*  
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

*King.* The doores are broke.

*Laer.* Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

*All.* No let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you give me leave.

*All.* We will, we will.

*Laer.* I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King  
Giveme my father.

*Que.* Calmely good *Laertes*.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me bastard,  
Cries

## Prince of Denmark

Cries Cuckold to my father, b  
Even here between the chaste u  
Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause *La*  
That thy rebellion looks so G  
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe no  
There's such divinity doth hed  
That treason can but peepe to  
Acts little of his will: tell me  
Why thou art thus incens't: le  
Speake man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Quee.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his

*Laer.* How came he dead? I  
To hell allegiance, vowes to th  
Conscience and grace to the pro  
Idare damnation, to this point  
That both the worlds I give to  
Let come what comes, onely I  
Most throughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the w  
And for my meanes, Ile husban  
They shall goe farre with little.

*King.* Good *Laertes*, if you  
Of your deare father, is't writ i  
That soop-stake, you will draw  
Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies

*King.* Will you know them

*Laer.* To his good friends th  
And like the kinde life-rendrin  
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why now you speake  
Like a good childe, and a true  
That I am guiltlesse of your fath